

THE CLOVER.  
BY JAMES WATKINS BILLY.

Some sing of the lily, and daisy, and rose,  
And the pansies and pinkies that the summer  
time throws  
In the green, grassy lap of the meadow that  
lows  
Blinkin' up at the skies through the sun-  
shiny days.  
But what is the lily, and all of the rest  
Of the flowers, to a man with a heart in his  
breast?  
That was dipped brimmin' tail with the  
honey and dew  
Of the sweet-clover blossoms his babyhood  
knew?

I never set eyes on a clover-flecked now,  
Er fool round a stubble, or climb in a now,  
But my childhood comes back just as clear  
and as plain  
As the smell of the clover I'm sniffin'  
again!  
And I wander away in a bare-footed dream  
Whar I tangle my toes in the blossoms  
that gleam  
With the dew of the dawn o' the morning  
of love.  
Er it 'twere o'er the graves that I'm weep-  
in above.  
And so I love clover; it seems like a part  
Of the sacreddest sorrows and joys of my  
heart!  
And wherever it blossoms, O, thar let me  
bow  
And thank the good God, as I'm thinkin'  
him now!  
And I pray to him still for the strength  
when I die,  
To go out in the clover and tell it good-by,  
And liveryly nestle my face in its bloom  
of love.

## The Wife He ...Meant to Have

But Fate's Deceits and Feminine  
Fancies Willed It Otherwise.

LEAVE, sir, give  
me a penny!"  
I was about to  
say "No!" very  
savage, when  
I chanced to let  
my eye fall on  
the little upturned  
face—the face  
of one of Ray-  
bell's cherubs.

Then I passed  
on the curbstone, balancing the coin  
on my glove tip.

"So you want a penny, little one?"  
"Yes, sir."

"Where do you live?"  
"Nowhere."

"Where is your mother?"  
"Haven't got any."

"Nor father?"  
She shook her head, still eyeing the  
penny covetously, as if fearful that it  
would vanish shortly out of sight.

I tossed it toward her—she snapped  
it up as a hungry dog might seize a  
bone, and, depositing it somewhere  
among her rags, ran after a poor old  
gentleman, who was picking his way  
across the muddy stones.

I passed on to the clubhouse, glanced  
over the newspapers, and all the time  
those bright-gold curls, and the large,  
wondering brown eyes of the little  
street-sweeper kept coming and going  
like the changing tints of a dream-  
kaleidoscope before my mind's eye.

What an impression that face had  
left on my memory!

Had the tiny waif been ten years  
older, I should unhesitatingly have  
pronounced it an affair of love at first  
sight—as it was, I could not explain  
away the mystery at all!

That great central chandelier in Mr.  
Wyndham's dining-room glowed with  
silver of tiny jets of flame. The sil-  
ver epergne in the middle crowned with  
a bouquet of rare flowers, seemed like a  
bank of perfume, and the flash of crim-  
son wines and delicate liquors that  
surrounded me stimulated the sense  
to their utmost capacities of enjoy-  
ment.

Virginia Wyndham sat directly op-  
posite me—a handsome, dashing girl  
hitherto my especial admiration.

She was a little plumed to-night at  
my evident attraction, and flirted  
most delectably with her next neigh-  
bor, a rising young lawyer. I looked  
on, most philosophically.

Twenty-four hours previous I should  
have been frantic with jealousy—now  
I didn't care a snap!

Old Wyndham whisked away in dis-  
gust at my languid apathy, and I took  
my hat and bade the fair Virginia good  
evening. I had a sort of secret con-  
viction that the whole affair had been  
gotten up to give me a nice chance for  
proposing.

My room was illumined only with  
the low, ruddy gleam of the fire as I  
entered it. It seemed very lonely,  
with the vacant chair beside the  
round table, whose books and papers  
and piles of engravings were all in con-  
fusion.

I sat down and began to ponder vari-  
ous things.

I had never met any girl whom I  
fancied sufficiently to invite her to  
share my wealth. Perhaps I was  
over-fastidious. Be that as it might,  
a new fancy had taken possession of  
my brain. I should adopt the little  
freckled damsel of the street cross-  
ings.

I would educate her as my wife  
ought to be educated; I would teach  
her to love me, and then—

I involuntarily sprang to my feet as  
I pictured forth mentally the glorious  
loveliness into which her childish  
beauty would expand! It was a settled  
thing—I would adopt her!

And I adopted Winny—the only  
name to which the half savage young  
elf would own.

"And now, Winny," said I, the  
evening before my pretty little protegee  
was to be placed under the care of  
Madam Delarue, to be thoroughly re-  
modeled, "you know you are to be my  
little wife in about eight years."

Winny sat on the edge of the  
fenders, kicking her little feet on the  
carpet, as she devoured the cream  
candy and sugar plums wherewith I  
had won her heart. As I finished  
speaking she flared her large eyes so-  
lemnly on my face.

"Little wife? What does that  
mean?"

"Why," said I rather embarrassed,  
"it means that I shall love you very  
much, and buy you new dresses and  
jewels and—"

"And candles?"  
"Of course, said I, wincing a little.  
"Well, said Winny, pensively con-  
templating a gigantic sugar almond,  
"I'll think of it."

Eight years passed away—eight  
years of sunshine and blossoming, and  
during all that time I never went near  
Winny. Letters innumerable were  
exchanged between us—gay, friendly  
letters—but I sought no personal in-  
terview.

I tried to be satisfied with Madam  
Delarue's monthly reports of progress,  
and, as I saw my bachelor friends one  
by one engulfed in the pool of matri-  
mony, like withered leaves drifting  
into a hurried forest stream, I consoled  
myself with thinking of the beautiful  
young wife with whom I would aston-  
ish them, one of these days!

"Here's a letter for you, Jim," said  
one of my cronies, bursting into my  
room, where I sat alone. "I met the  
messenger on the stairs, and rifled him  
of his burden."

He tossed it into my lap, and sat  
down to enjoy his cigar, while I eagerly  
tore open the perfumed little missive  
sealed with the crest of Madam Delarue.

"Why, what's the matter?" ex-  
claimed my companion, as I sprang up  
pale and agitated, scarce knowing  
whither to turn.

"The matter! Why, some con-  
founded young collegian or other has  
been making love to my Winny—and  
she wants to marry him—and Madam  
has just discovered the affair du coeur,  
as she calls it—hang her French  
phrases!"

"And you are going on to give the  
young folks your blessing?"

"My blessing—no, I should rather  
think not. I'm going to give the boy  
a good horsewhipping and place Winny  
where she will forget him!"

It was nearly noon when I drew up  
my horses in front of the iron gates to  
Madam Delarue's seminary.

I was kept waiting in the parlor con-  
siderably longer than I liked, after  
having sent up my card to "Miss  
Winny Grey," (the name I had sel-  
ected for her), particularly as I was  
conscious of a good deal of tittering in  
the hall, and several pairs of bright  
eyes regarded me from the cracks in  
the half-open door.

"Did you wish to see me, sir?"

I turned, completely astounded.  
There stood a tall, lank, lathy sort of a  
girl with red curls—not auburn, not  
golden, but a carotly, unmistakable  
red—weak brown eyes and freckles.

"Are you Winny?" I exclaimed.

She nodded bashfully, murmuring  
something about my having sent for  
her.

Ah! what an overthrow to the  
vision of eight years!

I asked her a few questions about  
her studies, counseled her to "be a  
good girl," and "mind her music,"  
and gracefully took leave!

In the hall I met Madam Delarue,  
all in a flutter.

"Are you going already, Mr. Rivers?  
Pray what am I going to do about this  
naughty dear child?"

"O, well, Madam," quoth I care-  
lessly, "I'm not the one to interfere with  
the happiness of young people. Pray  
make all inquiries into the respectability  
of this young man."

"Most respectable, sir," interrupted  
Madam, "of a most wealthy and re-  
spectable family."

"Of course—well, I'm glad to hear  
it. I will write my consent to Winny  
to-morrow, as I did not wish to em-  
barass her by any verbal allusion to  
this little affair."

And off I went, indescribably re-  
lieved to think I was not obliged to  
marry that child!

I sent a cordial letter and a set  
of pearls to Winny the next day, and re-  
ceived per post an affectionate and  
grateful acknowledgement of the same.

Then I plastered my wounded feel-  
ings by a trip to the far west. After  
an absence of three months I returned  
sunburned, jovial and heart-whole to  
my den in the hotel!

"Very nice to be home again, was  
my first reflection. "Now, I hope that  
not a soul will come near me to-night,  
for I want to enjoy at least one quiet  
evening in my old quarters!"

Vane hope! were not the knuckles of  
the waiter at that instant on my door?  
Did he not bring up the card of some  
visitors who had seen my name on the  
hotel books and were determined to in-  
vade my peaceful sanctum.

"Mr. and Mrs. Lansing Wyndham!"

Now Lansing Wyndham, I knew,  
was Virginia's brother—but what did  
I care for him? I turned the card over  
reflectively.

"Show them up!" at last I exclaimed  
in desperation.

A moment elapsed—just a moment—  
before I was electrified by the loveliest  
young creature I had ever beheld  
bounding into the room, and throwing  
her white, pearl-wreathed arms about  
my neck, with a succession of kisses  
that seemed like a bunch of Chasselas  
grapes, or a cluster of roses, or any-  
thing else which was delicious.

It was my Winny—the realization of  
my youthful fancies—superbly beau-  
tiful in her young bridehood. I saw it  
all, in that one dizzy glance, just as it  
had passed beyond my reach forever—  
my lovely dream of Winny.

"And this is my husband," said  
Winny, smiling beckoning to the hand-  
some young fellow who stood in the  
doorway.

"But look here, Winny," said I  
solemnly, "this isn't fair! You are  
not the young person I saw at Madam  
Delarue's."

"No," said Winny, blushing and  
laughing, and hiding her face in her  
beautiful jeweled hands, "but—but—  
there was another girl named Winny  
there—and I was afraid you would  
scoff at me—and we thought it wouldn't  
be a very naughty thing for her to  
personate me, just for once."

It never occurred to me until after-  
ward that the marriage of my Winny  
to Virginia Wyndham's brother sav-

ored somewhat of "righteous retribu-  
tion."

But Miss Wandering herself viewed  
it in that light, I am told. Somehow  
old bachelors and old maids see these  
things differently.

CORNER OF SMILES.

He bought a second trotting horse,  
Which was so peppy slow,  
He named him Chinese, very soon,  
Because he wouldn't go.

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They are thoroughly reliable and  
worthy your confidence.

"What is the difference between  
'wages' and 'salary'?"

"Well, generally, one means a great  
deal of work and some pay, and the  
other is a good deal of pay and some  
work."

"Wilkins is a terrible skeptic, isn't  
he?"

"Wilkins? Why, I always thought  
he had unbounded faith."

"What in, for goodness sake?"

"His own judgment, to be sure."

Mudge—I wish I looked like Vickara.  
Yabber—What? Vickara is as  
home as a mud fence.

Mudge—Oh, it's not a matter of  
looks, exactly. He has a photograph  
pass to the Columbian fair, and I  
would like to use it.

Chipper—Ah! Back from your health  
trip, eh? Did you experience any re-  
lief while you were away?

Lipper—Relief? I should say so! I  
hadn't been in Chicago two days before  
I had been relieved of all the valuables  
I had.

The White House Girls.

Oh, the hand that rocks the cradle  
is the hand that rules the earth;  
So here's to the White House girls,  
And the country's heart beats joyful  
And is glad in every truth,  
That a baby's come to frolic  
With that pretty baby Ruth.

Did Him a Great Deal of Good.  
Dr. J. A. Deane, Catskill, N. Y.—I  
have used your Dyspepsia and Indiges-  
tion Pills, and can say that they did  
me a great deal of good, for I have  
felt considerably improved ever since.

E. H. Spicer, Seaford, Del.

Don't You Know.  
That to have perfect health you must  
have pure blood, and the best way to  
have pure blood is to take Hood's Sar-  
saparilla, the best blood purifier and  
strength builder. It expels all taints  
of scrofula, salt rheum and all other  
humors, and at the same time builds  
up the whole system and gives nerve  
strength.

Hood's Pills may be had by mail for  
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Going via Washington and Returning  
via Niagara Falls.

The Baltimore and Ohio railroad has  
placed on sale at its offices throughout the  
East, excursion tickets to Chicago, good  
going via Washington and returning via  
Niagara Falls, with the privilege of stop  
over at each point. These tickets are valid  
for return journey until November 15th,  
and are not restricted to certain trains, but  
are good on all B. & O. trains and permit  
holders to travel via Pittsburgh via Graham  
by either route passengers cross the Alle-  
gheny mountains, 3000 feet above the sea  
level, amid the most picturesque scenery in  
America. Sleeping car accommodations  
may be reserved in advance upon applica-  
tion to nearest B. & O. ticket office.

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over fifty years by millions of mothers for  
their children while teething, with perfect  
success. It soothes the child, softens the  
gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic, and  
is the best remedy for Diarrhoea. It is pre-  
sented to the public by Dr. J. C. Winnow, of  
this city. Twenty-five cents a bottle. It is  
sold by all druggists. Send for a free copy  
and ask for Mrs. Winnow's Suffering Syrup,  
and take no other kind.

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constantly keep on hand a complete  
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all who come and see me at my rooms  
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Men's English Corduroy Pants, \$1.40; worth \$2.80  
Men's Dress Pants, \$1.75; worth \$3.50  
Men's Imported Dress Pants, \$2.50; worth \$5.00  
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Wednesday 18th 12 m Thursday 19th 12 m  
Friday 22nd 12 m Saturday 23rd 12 m  
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